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BINSTEIN AND VON BULOW.

Methods of Two of the World's

Most Distinguished Artists.

At a recent meeting of the Western

American Writers one of the most in-

teresting papers presented was that of

Miss Birdie Blye, a musical artist whose

fame is world-wide. Her paper consist-

ed of reminiscences of Rubinstein and

Von Bulow, and as Miss Blye had been a

pupil of both these distinguished artists,

it posseses the valuable quality of en-

tire authenticity. "Since the cable

flashed the news over the world," said

Miss Blye, "first of the death of Dr. Hans

von Bulow and later of Anton Rubin-

stein, there has been so much written,

and ably written, that it seems

almost presumptuous for me to

attempt to say anything new,

but when the chairman of the

programme committee invited me to

read some of my reminiscences before

the Western Association of Writers, I

eagerly accepted that I might thus pay

tinued as follows:

of a fickle and deceitful world.'

ly and said he was merely trying me

and enjoyed watching me take that tre-

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## ITTLE ROOPER

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And Take No Other.

ABUSE OF SURGERY.

Timely Protest Against the Too Common Use of the Kuife.

Cleveland News and Heraid.

In no department of the healing art has progress been more noteworthy, during the last half century, than in surgery. Fractures that were formerly almost certain to for that limbs are saved and life made far more fruitful and happy than it could be to one maimed and deprived of an arm or a leg. Some wonderful cures are effected in disease by the use of the knife. Skill has increased with the courage given by modern antiseptic treatment of wounds, and surgeons now undertake without hesitation operations formerly shunned.

But there is another and far darker side to this picture. Free use of the most drastic measures for the relief of the sick and suffering has bred a certain recklessmon enough to call for serious consideration, both by the medical profession and by the general public. Operations of the most difficult and dangerous character are undertaken with a readiness that is ghastly to those not hardened to the terrible work one in the great medical colleges and ospitals of Berlin, Vienna, and other old orld centers of study and experiment by ors. There are few intelligent readers we fancy, who cannot bring to mind cases which have come under their personal observation which illustrate the tendency to risk everything lightly upon the result of a delicate and uncertain surgical opera-

f this judgment were merely that of und persons in medicine or little versed progress of modern surgery the doctors who resort to the knife with fearful ghtly by, but such is by no means the ase. Only a few months ago a prominent hysician of St. Louis protested publicly gainst the fad of operating upon persons uffering, or supposed to be suffering, from ppendicitis. More than one able and wellown practitioner of this city has sharp-condemned the tendency to use the knife all cases of that disease. One of the est prominent doctors in Cleveland insists the proportion of cases which termi-fatally is fifteen or twenty times as igh when operations are performed by the en made, in Cleveland hospitals, for the lief of supposed appendicitis, when the rmiform appendix proved to be in a norcermiform appendix proved to be in opera-

But appendicitis is not the most common eld for the too free use of the surge estruments. The most popular fad of the anic ailments. Weeks of prostration in of slow recovery, and then no subrelief for which people often pay fees that they can ill afford and suffer great loss in other respects. We appeal to the con-servative physicians of Cleveland to say ther this statement is overdrawn. Life copardized to enable some surgeon to try ic treatment and possibly effect a cred-

in this matter. In a recent editorial that they are extremely minute, or, as in the ority makes the startling assertion that an operation of very grave nature is now being performed "when there is no real need" of using the knife and it directly states that the only reason is sometimes the desire of "a not overconscientious practitioner to say that he has tion one way or the other. The discov-done it." That is a terrible charge, but eries made during the last few years in the there is too much ground for believing it older tertiary deposits of Patagonia have, true. It is in accord with the t of brutal indifference to life, when osity and the desire for brilliant ex-ments weigh in the balance, which of Europe, especially in Vienna.

A young American physician who studied the Austrian capital illustrates the ten-ncy of the learned surgeons of that city regard persons suffering from some rare to regard persons suffering from some rare and interesting disease, and not protected by social rank or power, as mere subjects of vivisection, by a shocking account jects of vivisection, by a shocking account although there are certain grounds for regarding them as derived from a single

was brought into the room, and the nature of her case, as it had been decided by the great men in control of the institution, was explained. She was then placed upon the table and two young doctors were given charge of the administration of anesthetics. The operation was to be difficult prolonged and the surgeon who used instruments warned his assistants that he must not be disturbed while at work.
When he finished he remarked, with apparent satisfaction, "You see, gentlemen, that the demonstration is complete," and that the demonstration is complete," and signified that he was well satisfied with his work. "But, professor," exclaimed one of the young physicians who had been ordered to keep quiet during the operation, "the patient has been dead fifteen minutes!" "I am well aware of that fact," was the reply, and the eminent surgeon turned to other matters with an air of unruffled complacency.

ruffled complacency.

It is a spirit which is illustrated by this horrible story of orutality which we regard as altogether hostile to the best interests of the medical profession and of the human race. We do not wish to be understood as condemning the use of the surgeon's knife. Often it is absolutely necessary and a great source of health and at source of health and physicians. When the spirit of scientific experiment causes a surgeon to forget that his mission is to save life and limb and not to perform difficult operations need-lessly he degrades himself to the level of a gambler in human life and is false his high calling. Conservative sympathetic medicine and surgery are among the greatest blessings of mankind, but the too free and unscrupious use of the knife, either for fame or money, is savagery that bodes who have chosen the noble vocation of

esting, but painful and perilous experi-BIRDS OF GIGANTIC SIZE.

Feathered Monsters That Inhabit Re gions of South America.

For many years the minds of philosophical ornithologists have been much exer-cised by the origin and phylogeny of the existing flightless ostrich-like birds and their fossil relatives. Not very long ago, we believe, it was not an uncommon opinion that all these ratite birds, as ostriches, rheas, cassowaries and emus, as collective ly called, were the immediate descendants of a certain group of extinct reptile, and that they themselves gave origin to the flying birds. One circumstance is, however, fatal to this hypothesis. Flying birds have the bones of the fore limb, or wing, constructed on a very peculiar plan, and quite unlike those of either mammals or reptiles. But precisely the same type of structure ent of women who are suffering from is presented by the rudimentary wings of allments. Weeks of prostration in such of the ostrich-like birds as possess these appendages at all; and it is quite lear that if these birds had been evolved from reptiles in the condition we now fir that is to say, without the power of flight—they would have retained the reptile type of forelimb, and would not have an aborted bird's wing. Hence, it is and their allies as the descendants of birds endowed with the power of flight, whose wings have become gradually atrophied by disuse till, as in the emus, disappeared. sentatives of these giant dightless birds are concerned, it does not appear that we have at present any means of deciding this queshabited that country, and which are so totally unlike all the modern ratitae that there can be no reasonable doubt as to their having originated independently from flying forms. When we have once admit-ted the independent origin of one group of

stock. For a knowledge of the giant flight-less birds of Patagonia we are mainly in-debted to the labors of Senor Florentino Ameghino, of Buenos Ayres. The first example of their remains brought to light was a portion of a lower jaw, and so mas-sive and unbird-like was this bone that it gigantic edentate mammal. And no wonjaw measures about twenty-one inches in total length. Indeed, it is even now difficult to convince English naturalists that the fossilized extremities of the heaks of the extraordinary birds are avian at all. Mr. Lydecks goes on at considerable length to discuss the question, and the article is full of useful information.

AN INSECT'S APPETITE.

Cable to All Else.

A curious fact was brought under the attention of the visitors assembled at the opening of the Telephone trunk lines on Wednesday. A portion of the cable laid across from Portpatrick to Donoghadee was shown around, and it was pointed out that the five insulated copper wires constituting the core of the cable—the in a sheathing of brass, which had been wound around them in the form of a thin the attack of a minute marine organism known as the "gribble." There was a time, of course, when the gribble knew nothing about telegraphic insulating materials, and ndeed over a large part of the sea botton such modern luxuries are quite unknown. But the area of marine telegraph seemed to have created a new taste these tiny creatures wherever cables have been laid down, just as animals of larger proportions have acquired the taste for bananas or potted anchovives. They fin their way in between the sheathing of strong iron wire and eat through every-thing in the way of insulating material till they get to the copper strands, when, of course, the water gets in and the conducting power of the cable is at an end. The curious fact is that the ravages of ocean telegraphy, and that this peculiar taste is not only an acquired one, but seems to be extending in just the same way as the acquired tastes of human beings. At present the fashion of guttapercha eating doe not go further north than Portpatrick it has long been moving northward and will probably soon be universal. The brass proves an effectual barrier so far,

mains to be seen. Dreams and Hypnotism.

Scribner's Magazine. It seemed to me that I had had a good illustration of how dreams are made There comes first to the mind some impression-this may be a sensation from without-a sound, an odor, a ray of light some position of the dreamer, or state of his system; or, perhaps, only an idea, an impression left on the mind by the waking thoughts, or drifted up from the great stream of memories and associations that flows ever beneath our consciousness Given this first impression, the mind of the dreamer seems forced by some logica necessity to account for it. The impres sion takes on a form which calls for some course of action, and the action is dramatized in a dream. Sometimes, as in th given, the problem is simple and is solved at once. Sometimes it is complexthe mind cannot, except after repeated trials, make anything of the first impres-sion; and then we have those strange dreams, where circumstances that puzzle the dreamer are at last fully explained Of course, the commonest dream is that where no one impression is strong enough to control and give unity, and where the thoughts wander wither and thither dis-My half-conscious state during this

dream making is like some stages in hypnotism and in insarity, where the patient is influenced by appearances that he knows to be false. I went, in imagination, through the act. in that would have been actually performed by hypnotic or insane patients, on the same suggestion. They, too, often know they are dreaming, but are under the dominion of the dream idea, and

One That Prefers a Diet of Ocean London Daily News.

mendous leap to both extremities of the keyboard, and told me always to play it that way. PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. Rubinstein, unlike many men of genus, was very accessible, and during mence of passion and emotion until they afternoons in his parlors at the hotel real telegraphic conductor-were incased no slight task, for many people called to sing or play for him, to ask his advice metal tape. The object of this was to where and with whom to study. He lisprotect the guttapercha insulation from taped patiently holding his cigarette in tened patiently, holding his cigarette in his fingers, for he smoked almost constantly, and sometimes nodding his head approvingly or frowning slightly at some amateurish performance, but he spoke kindly to all. Many called simply out of curiosity, and without even a letter of introduction, and many-very manycalled to secure his autograph. This was exceedingly distasteful to him, particularly if the parties spoke only English. His knowledge of the English language was very limited, and he preferred to talk in German. He was a man of the most noble and generous impulses, giving freely to all who needed assistance. He ever had the gribble were unknown in early days of the warmest sympathies with the young, especially those who were striving to do something in the arts. He had passed through struggles and sorrow himself and had known even actual want, but he would say, "Such is the fate of an artist, and it is necessary, for only by suffering can we become strong and but whether these little denizens of the deep may not by and by find even metal tape a piquant addition to their larder reknow our own resources." My English friends used to relate one incident that

> two hours in length. Rubinstein was in some measure disappointed man. His one great ambition was to be known as a great composer. He thought he had a message of love and beauty to impart to the world. and he reached out to them for sympathy and appreciation, but they received it coldly. They wounded his heart and he shrunk from them. They would not understand his longings and aspirations. One day he said to me: "Do not remem-ber me as the gruff old bear the world misrepresents me to be," and, opening a little drawer, he took out his photograph for me and wrote his name at the top. "In your far away home think of me kindly as one who had a heart, with sentiments and sympathies like other men.' Late one afternoon we were in his room, as my friends and especially my mother, always accompanied me everyand lonely. He spoke feelingly of his old home, his wife and his son, since deceased, and to whom he was deeply

showed his kindly nature. One of the

ladies was extremely fond of music, but

owing to poor health and a stormy night.

the town where she was stopping a few

years ago. She was greatly disappoint-

ed, but the next morning he called and

played for her the entire programme,

TWO GREAT MASTERS that he has passed away, and I shall never again hear his pleasant greeting, I like best to think of him in that mood, and that prayer or benediction haunts MISS BLYE'S REMINISCENCES OF RU-

> guished and imposing. His head was of a very Russian type, massive and noble, without beard or mustache, and with thick, heavy black hair. In many respects his face resembled the ideal Beethoven of the sculptor. His manner was simple, and he had the true modesty of genius. He was rather reserved with strangers, but with friends he was genial and charming. He often described his beautiful villa at Peterhof, on the Gulf of Finland, built after his return from the United States, a luxurious and magnificent home in the midst of pine forests and surrounded by beautiful gardens and terraces. Near the villa was the imperial Summer Palace, and a little further away was the palace of his friend and patroness, the Grand Du-chess Helene, sister of Czar Nichzolas I, and to whom he owed much of his success. To the left was the Fortress of Kronstadt, which Peter the Great had built as a guard for his capital; on the right was the golden cupola of St. Isaak's Cathedral, the most venerable and ancient church in the empire. He had a circular tower built for himself, where he composed, and from this he had a grand view of the waters of the Neva, flowing broadly to and mingling with the great ocean. Here during the summer months he lived an ideal life, drinking in the inspirations for those grand and immortal works of his. RECIPIENT OF MANY HONORS.

the most distinguished people and most

my tribute of great regard to the memof the sovereigns of Europe. His fiftieth ory of these two great masters in the jubilee was a national fete day in Rusmusical world. During their lifetime they sia, and the Czar conferred on him sevdisliked exceedingly to be praised, and eral titles and an annual pension of 3,000 refused to read anything either of praise roubles. As a general thing he disliked or censure in the press. Now that their public applause and shrank from ovalife work is over, and the baton and pen tions, but when he could not escape are forever laid aside, they cannot take them, he received them with modesty exception to pleasant things that may and dignity, not as marks of approbabe written of them." Miss Blye contion conferred on him, Rubinstein, but for the reason that in his person the English gentlemen and their had been on rank. After General Grant had made terms with Herr Rubinhis wonderful tour around the world, stein for years, I received an inthe recipient of honors and gifts from vitation to call and play for him. My prominent people and foreign courts, he always modestly referred to them as life had been a quiet one, and when not concertizing was devoted to my musical paid to the country and government be studies, and other educational pursuits, represented, and so with Rubinstein. He accepted them as honors shown to and my heroes were all men of history— Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Rubinstein, Dickens, Goethe, Schiller and others, so the great art world. The old world and the new held him in distinguished rewhen I was actually to meet one of them gard. Amongst his most devoted adwas in a fever of anticipation and the mirers were Americans. He visited this moments seemed hours long until the country in 1872, and his triumphs are still fresh in the minds of the older gentime arrived. I went with fear and trembling, but when he met me at the door eration of music lovers who can call the so kindly and took both my hands in his furore of enthusiasm that his personality in a warm welcome and greeting, my awe and his playing caused. His name be-came established here as a standard vanished, and on longer acquaintance I thought not so much of the great artist and composer as of the kindly heart of popular measurement for the abilities of pianists, and even now, when a new that could manifest such interest in a young girl. My air castles did not prove planist appears, the question is imme-diately asked, "How does he compare with Rubinstein?" He always retained elusive, and my hero was grander and nobler than even imagination had picthe kindliest feelings toward Americans and spoke of their interest and enthusitured him. It acted like an inspiration. for my friends said I never played bet-ter than I did for him. Sometimes he asru in musical matters, but he fre quently remarked that nothing could induce him to make such another trip. would play a piece through for me, and The sea voyage held such terrors for then again only a passage here and then again only a passage here and there. "No," he would say, "I do not want you to copy me; you must develop your own individuality, and besides I never play a piece twice alike." He was very strict, and yet there was no fault-finding nor harsh epithets, as him, the sleeping cars of those days were very primitive affairs; the travel by night and by day; the repeating of the same programme day after day, and often two or three times the same day, were intolerable to him. Although his tour was brilliant and successful, he did was warned he would use. On two or not refer to it with pride. "It was not artistic," he said. He often spoke of occasions he was so stern glanced up quickly at him, but his kind-America as the country of magnificent distances. The rush and whirl of travel were too much for him; they jarred on his sensitive spirits. It was of too bustness-like a character, and he seemed to ly smile reassured me. He often praised my "perfect hearing and artistic conception," and said. "You must play right from your heart. Technique you have; now throw all your soul into it and be more than a virtuoso, be a true musihave a consciousness that in the commingling of the two, art had suffered. cian." When my playing pleased him he would say, "Ah, now you are inter-As a pianist, Rubinstein's place is undisputed. He was undoubtedly one of preting; there is the grace and poetry we would expect from a young girl who has a beautiful life before her." Above all, the greatest that ever lived. To many he was the greatest, greater even than Liszt. Some of Liszt's prominent pupils he wished me to have my own ideas and to think for myself. One day, in proph-esying I would become famous, he said: have said: "There was in Rubinstein's playing more than in that of Liszt; the warmth of a deeply kind and sympa-thetic nature. It told in his playing, "But what is fame? Only empty honors a striving after something that will nevthe genial heart and the nature amiable to the point of childlike simplicity, and er satisfy you. You follow it and it will destroy your trustfulness and sincerity it helped his playing to be what it was-magnetic, grand and dignified. His mar-Better, far better, the praise and affec-tion of a few friends than the plaudits velous technical feats, his amazing memory and the grandeur and poetry of his interpretations are known to the world. One time he told me to play Scarlatti's great sonata in A. Joseffy had taught He was of no school, but rather created me to take the upper A, but Rubinstein said, "Why take the upper A if not the lower E also? Try both." He had me one of his own. He was of a broad Catholic spirit. He played every great work for the piano greatly, and in all he was play the latter part over and over, several times, and I was growing nervous, for fear I might miss one of them and strike a wrong note. He laughed merri-Rubinstein peerless and incomparable

> his performances above the domain of mere virtuosity and ranking them as artistic creations. As a composer Rubinstein may be better understood and more fully appreclated ten years from now. Time alone will decide his claim to greatness in this field. He had a temperament endowed with the richest musical gifts, and when composing his inspirations so possessed him that he was unhappy until he had transferred them to paper. Then he was in the world, but not of the world; he soared above earthly things, seeing and hearing nothing around him, and he retired to his room, where no one dared to approach him, but after the muse departed he was again the genial, cheerful friend. In all his compositions there is a fine, broad vein of melody. He wrote in every department of music. His songs and chamber music are the most popular, and his Ocean Symphony is known throughout the world. His smaller plane pieces are gems, and the melody in I alone would have made him famous. is concertos are superb, especially the one in D minor, which is probably his

He stamped everything with his own individuality. There was not only abso-

lute perfection of tecnique but there was

the fire and soul that only a true and

genial composer can possess. His touch

was musical and seemed to infuse a

soul into every note. He could play a simple piece by Haydn or Mozart so as to bring tears to the eyes of his listeners,

and again he thundered with the vehe-

strength were his characteristics, lifting

HANS VON BULOW. At the home of the same good friends it was my great pleasure to met Dr. Hans von Bulow also. He spoke several languages fluently, and English perfectly. was unable to attend his only concert in | but as I was devoting a great deal of time to the German classics he spoke to me only in German, which was a great assistance to me, as he was very scholorly and well educated. He was also very kind in directing my musical studies. The first piece I played for him was Henselt's "If I Were a Bird," which I had studied with Joseffy, and I am sure that great artist will never understand how hard I tried to do him credit, with those steel gray eyes critically watching me. It must have pleased him, for he said he never heard it better rendered, and praised me warmly for that and several other selections. He advised me to devote more study to Beethoven, to learn and love the deeper meanings of that great composer's works. We took up one after another of the sonatas. He took infinite pains, playing some passages over and over again. He did not want me to copy him, but said it was essential to hear it many times, and to listen to different artists' interpretations before I could fully grasp the meaning where, and he seemed unusually sad and be capable of expressing my own ideas. Bulow had an especial affection for Bach, Brahms and Beethoven, but the great and beautiful attracted him in attached. He paused, and there was a all compositions. Schubert and Mendelslong silence, when he suddenly went to sohn he played with exquisite grace the piano and played. It seemed like a and delicacy; Chopin and poetry itself, prayer. We waited and listened, per- but his musical genius did equal justice haps an hour, when at a motion from | to all composers and his playing of Beeour friend, we all quietly passed out | thoven was a revelation. It is to Bu-

that to-day those great works are so well known and admired by all. A pupil of Liszt, he could only be compared to Liszt. His touch was so musical you no longer thought of the material piano of strings and metal. It was music spiritualized, pure sound floating out into space. Though almost unrivaled as a planist, he was best known as a great conductor. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra gave ten concerts during the season, and under his leadership they became the finest series of concerts in the world. They were an education in themselves to musical students, who were attracted by them from all parts of the world. No one understood how to draw such brilliancy, such fullness from the orchestra as did Bulow. Such clearness, such precision of rhythm, and such perfection of finish were remarkable. The orchestra responded to the magical spell of his genius as the strings of a violin do to the sweep of the master hand. He swayed them by the power of

his personality. His memory was amazing; probably no pianist ever had such an immense repertoire always at his command, and besides this he conducted every orchestral work by heart. He was more than a great artist or a profound scholar; he was a great man, and he was great in small things. He was always kindhearted and gave freely. Numberless institutions profited by his generosity. Was there a poor or neglected musician, he sought him out, cheering him by his sympathy and proffering assistance so delicately, it seemed as if the person were bestowing a favor on him by ac-He was the recipiet of honors from Bulow has been censured for doing

many eccentric things, one of which I

ten, for the time, the services of Prince Bismarck, the founder of the great Ger-Emperor made impolitic speeches, in one of which he remarked that those Germans who were dissatisfied could brush time, at one of the Monday night Philharmonic concerts, the orchestra was to play the Ervica symphony. Bulow came over from Hamburg to conduct as usual, and explained that Beethoven originally wrote this in honor of Napoleon, but it had never been dedicated, and proposed that it now be dedicated to Bismarck. He looked around for the applause that greeted his explanathere was silence broken only by a few hisses. The vast hall was filled with officers of the army and others holding civil positions, and, though they may have been in sympathy with him, they owed their allegiance, as well as their positions, to the Emperor, and besides they loved him, though he was rash and impulsive. They dared not cheer for Bismarck, and there was a most embarrassing silence when Bulow took out his handkerchief and dusted his shoes, vowing never to return to Berlin. It was believed at the time by his friends that there was no political significance intended, and that is thoughts were only of the great composer and the founder of the German empire, but the next day, and for long after, there was intense excitement in Berlin, and the cable flashed the news over the world as another instance of Bulow's eccentric nature. Happily, the situation has now changed, and the dem-onstrations, extending over several weeks, in honor of Prince Bismarck's eightieth anniversary, were a wonderful manifestation of love and sympathy The Kaiser, the army, cities, corporations and citizens vied in their efforts to do homage to the nation's idol. Anyone who admires great deeds, heroic achievements and a noble soul that can ac-knowledge it erred, must have felt his heart thrill within him to read of the Kaiser leading his army through the forest to Friedricksruhe to do homage to the creator of the empire, and by this act striving to make amends for the insult he had formerly put on him; and now, in the light of this great act, Bupardonable. I have thought that it Bulow were still living he might wish to re-dedicate the symphony to the young Emperor, who in this act of peroism showed a noble disposition that would be incomprehensible to men or small minds, but which endeared him

manifesting impatience at the Philharmonic concerts with the "late comers and early goers." If it is annoying to the listeners, how much more so to the director. Imagine yourself absorbed in the theme close to the composer's heart in his magnificent and ennobling conception; there has been a soft, beautiful passage, the baton is raised, and you wait, breathless, for the next note, when suddenly there is a rustle of silken garments past you, or a pushing and moving next you of some one struggling to vividly I recall the painful sensations at one of the popular Philharmonic concerts of trying to follow the sense of the musical phrases with the distraction and disturbance caused by a set of knitting needles. The same orchestra, conducted by some other leader, gives also three popular concerts a week from October to May, where it is the German custom to sit at small tables and discuss the music during the intervals between the numbers, and many ladies take their fancy work. Then think of the annoyance to a score or more trying vainly to enjoy Schubert's unfinished symphony, min-gled with the incessant click of the needles in and out the mazes of a long, blue stocking! It is truly only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Bulow wanted the ideal audierce, the at-tentive ear, the motionless head, the intelligent eye and the interested expression-in fact, the complete absorption of mind, body and soul. The Parisians are probably the most perfect listeners, though in London also the people were generally very sympathetic and appreciative. Perhaps, as we Americans grow in our love and knowledge of music, we shall attain to this ideal state.

more than ever to his subjects.

AS CONDUCTOR AND TEACHER.

Dr. Von Bulow cannot be blamed for

The devotion of Liszt's pupils to their master is remarkable, and they have written able and interesting articles of his sayings and doings, but it is still more remarkable that more of the pupils of Bulow and Rubinstein have not written more fully of these two great artists, so devoted to their art that they could labor with pupils for hours at a time, training and cultivating heart, brain and hands. They required not only technical facility, but thorough comprehension and appreciation of the com-poser's ideas. They were the kindest of masters and took the most affectionate interest in their pupils, who can never do justice to their marvelous patience. Their glowing enthusiasm communicated itself to their pupils, who labored with a new zeal, for music was no longer brilliant technical performance, and interpretation shed a new light over the put in an accent here or a forte there, year. The outlook is that there will be but each and every note must have its proper interpretation, a crisp, rounding and the number destroyed last m up on this note and a caressing touch on another. Each motion of the hand or wrist, and each touch or pressure of the fingers must express something; and then such gradations of tone, such shades of expression with equal perfection, from fortissimo to the most dreamy planissimo. What new beauties were phrase assumed. It was an inestimable still which will not produce five galle privilege to be under the guidance of of whisky daily. These 2,000 stills won edge and musical taste, and I am glad ings of thankfulness and appreciation for their interest in my musical studies, and for their patient, kind and conscienand left him with his memories. Now low's masterly rendition of the sonatas | tious instruction.

ROBBING UNCLE SAM

HOW GOVERNMENT IS PLUNDERED THROUGH MOONSHINE WHISKY.

How the Moonshiners Operate and Their Enormous Profits-Talk with the Chief of Revenue Agents.

(Copyright, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) This is the first of a series of letters which I propose to write showing some of the curious ways in which Uncle Sam is robbed. He does one of the biggest businesses in the world. His ordinary expenditures have for years been between three and four hundred million dollars annually. He has on hand here to-day in Washington, in the shape of bonds, bank notes and bullion, more than \$800,000,000, and the gold and silver coin stacked up in the treasury cellars weighs 5,000 tons. The sums in which he deals are big enough to tempt the wildest dreams of criminal avarice, and thousands of men are plotting how they can in some way break in and carry away a part of the pile. This money is surrounded, however, both by day and cepting it. He was loyal and faithful to by night, by trusty watchmen, whose revolvers are always ready. The strongest of wrought iron and of welded steel now recall. It was at the time the young | inclose his bags of gold and silver, and Kaiser Wilhelm seemed to have forgot- the heavy doors which form the entrances to his vaults have time locks which defy the most expert of burglars, man empire; the shadow of his dis-pleasure hung over him, and the young The ordinary thief has little chance here. The checks on the treasury are legion, and the chief money stolen from the dust from their shoes and leave. the government is slipped out in other Bismarck was the nation's hero, but the people dared not say so openly, yet often I heard them at banquets drink his health and bitterly reproach the Kaiser for his seeming ingratitude. About this millions of dollars in one way or another

MILLIONS IN MOONSHINE. Take the matter of the whisky tax. Since its increase to \$1.10 a gallon moonshine stills have been springing up like weeds in all parts of the country. They have flourished for years in the mountains of the South, but they are now beginning to sprout up in the big cities of the North. Within the past few weeks a number of illicit stills have been discovered in New York and Philadelphia The business is being carried on by Polish Jews in attics and cellars. They are making whisky from black strap molasses, for which they pay in bulk about 4 cents per gallon. It probably costs them less than 25 cents to make a gallon of whisky, and their profits are from 400 to 500 per cent.

This business is entirely different from that of moonshiners. Colonel W. W. Colquitt, the chief of the special agents of the Treasury Department, has given me the details, and I have before me the drawing of one of these northern whisky stills, which has just been received by the Treasury Department The still was captured only a few days ago in one of the big cities of the East. It is of the sort used in Russia, and it consists of two galvanized iron boxes or barrels with fire boxes beneath them. The molasses is mixed with water and is fermented into a kind of sugar beer. It is then put into these boilers and cooked from the city water works acts as the condenser. The sugar beer, after two distillations, comes out in the shape o whisky, and as such it is ready for the market. Such a still costs but a few dollars. It makes practically no smell, and it can be put up in any room where that the treasury detectives can know of its existence are through the selling of the whisky and the purchasing of the molasses and yeast. A large amount of yeast has to be used to ferment the beer, and the yeast factories of all the big eastern cities are now being watched by treasury detectives. Every one who buys much yeast has to give an account of himself, and all suspicious purchasers are carefully shadowed.

The whisky robbers use all kinds of

means to escape the detectives. A week

or so ago one of the treasury agents saw a Jew buy a large bundle of yeast. He took it from the factory and walked off with it under his arm. The detective

followed. He saw the yeast given to another man, who carried it through several alleys and gave it to a third man, who took it into a cellar. About fifteen minutes later this man came ou with what seemed to be four baseball clubs wrapped in brown paper in his arms. This was the yeast, which he had molded up in this way to avoid suspicion. As he walked off the detective followed him, and he finally traced him a distillery, which was making many gallons of whisky a day. Another of the stills was discovered only a few weeks ago, which was being operated under the disguise of a dairy This was located just outside of Brooklyn. The whisky robber had bought the dairy. He had on hand about 100 cows, and he had his regular milk route, which was mostly confined to the saloons of Brooklyn and New York. The revenue spies knew that there was a large mount of illicit whisky on the market They could not trace it until they no that some of the saloons seemed to be getting large quantities of milk. One day they followed the milkman and they found the still. At least half of his cans had been filled with whisky, which was delivered to the saloons.

while the milk went to his ordinary cus-

tomers. In capturing the still the reve-

they confiscated the cows on the part of

nue agent took charge of the dairy and

Uncle Sam. TWO THOUSAND WHISKY STILLS. The increase of illicit distilling in the southern mountains during the past year is enormous. The stills are scattered through the mountain districts of every southern State, and the Revenue Department has never had its hands so full as now. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue tells me that the agents have never been so well organized, and they have never done so good work as they are now doing. Colonel Colquitt, the chief of this branch, was for years in the field as a special agent. He has the moonshine districts mapped out, and there is a blacklist at the Treasury Department containing the names of the suspected characters. Congress has set aside \$50,000 a year for the pay of spies and hired informers, and Uncle Sam is now spending, all told, about \$500,000 annually to put down the business. Still there are more stills now than ever bewhole. A pupil was not simply told to fore. One thousand were destroyed last 2,000 wiped out during the coming year, was 164. It is hard to estimate the loss which Uncle Sam sustains from these moonshine stills. A few days ago wagon load of whisky, containing 100 gallons of liquor, was captured near Greenville, S. C. The tax on this alone would have been \$110. Suppose the 2,000 stills which will be captured this year unfolded and what new meanings each to continue in operation. It is a small still which will not produce five gallone such great masters, and be permitted to produce 10,000 gallons a day, on which absorb some of their wonderful knowl- the tax would be \$11,000. Eleven thousand dollars a day is more than \$4,000,000 of this opportunity to express my feel- per year. This will be the saving in revenue by the breaking up of th stills. There are, however, in all proba-bility, hundreds which are never dis-

covered, and the loss is incalc